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LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official and similar advertising, including that in settlement of estates, public sales, live stock and estray notices, bank notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents a line, each additional insertion.

LOCAL AGENCIES

George S. Might ..... Charleroi
Clyde Collins ..... Speers
M. Dooley ..... Dunlevy
E. L. Kibler ..... Lock No. 4

July 22 In American History.

1704—Peregrine White, first white child born in New England, died in Marshfield, Mass.; born on board the Mayflower, in Cape Cod harbor, Nov. 20, 1620

1864—General James B. McPherson, commander of the Federal Army of the Tennessee, killed in front of Atlanta; born 1820.

1884—Jane Grey Swisshelm, writer, advocate of woman's rights, died at Swissdale, Pa.; born 1816.

1906—Russell Sage, the financier, died at Lawrence Beach, N. Y.; born 1816.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:21, rises 4:44; moon sets 10:31 p. m.

Local Patriotism.

The great weakness of organized labor, as well as of the Socialistic party, and all other organizations formed for the purpose of ameliorating social and material conditions, is a feeling that theGovernment is arrayed against them. This impression is so thoroughly ingrained in the minds of many within the jurisdiction of these organizations, that a revolutionary sentiment is created, which not only retards justice and good government, but perverts the minds of those engaged in such movements and results in acts that are destructive and retroactive.

No human government was ever founded so unalterably upon the principles of liberty and equality as that of our own, and if it fails in any particular it is the fault of the masses themselves. All the tyranny of wealth and corporate power is due to civic indifference and lack of patriotism. What is most needed now at this stage of the game is the inculcation of patriotism—the kind that will apply with as much fervor and reverence to township and borough conditions as to National affairs. Socialism in some form or other must eventually solve the problems of municipal government, but before they do we will have to become a nation of local patriots—as ready to do and die when our local government is assailed as we are when our Nation is threatened.

The People Pay.

The strike and incipient riots at the Pressed Steel Car works, at McKees Rocks in Allegheny county, calls to memory the great railway strike of thirty-one years ago. Tomorrow is the anniversary of this great strike, when the union station was burned and the city of Pittsburg was for days under strict military rule.

Millions of dollars worth of costs were entailed as a result of this strike, both in property destroyed and in putting down the riots, besides a number were killed and wounded. The event is indelibly impressed in the memory of Pittsburg, and that city eventually had to pay for all the property destroyed by the mob there. The matter was threshed, out in the courts, but the city eventually got "stuck," and the taxpayers have been paying the "freight" ever since. That big railroad strike thirty-one years ago has very materially enhanced the cost of living in Pittsburg ever since.

Make it Local.

Interest in the approching valley fair is being awakened. Since its aims and object have become known the business people are heartily approving the project. Committees are quietly at work, and indications are that the project will be carried out in a manner that is characteristic of Charleroi.

By giving their hearty co-operation the citizens of Charleroi can make this affair distinctly local, and promote not only their individual business but that of all others in addition. The idea is to conduct it in the nature of a fair, with some outside attractions and amusements for the entertainment of visitors. Charleroi people can reap the benefit which the hordes of outside concessionaires get at all such gatherings, and the fair will be of help to the whole community. Something is needed to relieve the midsummer monotony, and the valley fair was a happy project. The chances are that after it is over a movement will be started to make it a permanent annual affair. The Charleroi Exposition would have as good a field proportionately as the Pittsburg Exposition.

Electric Sparks

An old man kissed a maried woman and had to pay $100 for it. Bet he wishes he had bitten her, and got his money's worth.

Evelyn Thaw wrote a book—that is she is charged with writing a book, but is prevented from having the affair put on the market, by District Attorney Jerome of New York City, who states that libel suits will follow such action. Now wouldn't that give you the cramps?

Bee tales are now as thick as snake tales ordinarily should be in the early spring. The majority are a whole lot easier to believe, however, because they are baked up by indisputable proof.

Orville Wright has broken another record in aeroplaining. Some people rather think that he will break his neck some of these days.

Up at Uniontown the newspapers are landing verbally on each other for almost the count, and over at Connellsville the contemporaries are sicking them on. Some of these days we will hear of more than verbal fights—it will turn into fisticuffs.

It doesn't look so bad for a college president and preacher to get in to the limelight as the president of a trolley company if his road is the only one by which outsiders can reach his college.

Uncle Sam is proudly exhibiting $260,000,000 worth of battleships off the coast of Massachusetts, but none of them will ever be as famous as the ancient tub, the Mayflower.

No Picnic.

A Junction City man told of a remark made by a woman at whose home a number of people took supper one night during a political campaign in Sumner county. This particular woman, though young in years, was the mother of seven children. Naturally the children were reasonably close to one size. When the "campaigners" went into the woman's house one of them noticed the bunch of children and said to the woman in a friendly way, "These all yours, or is this a picnic?" "They are all mine," she replied wearily, "and it's no picnic."—Kansas City Journal.

Tipped.

"Doesn't this boat tip a great deal?" asked a timid young woman of the steward.

"The vessel, ma'am," said the steward, "is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

An Attraction.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church? Mrs. Perry—Well, she wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.

How She Did It.

"So she refused you?"

"That's the impression I received."

"Didn't she actually say no?"

"No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha, ha, ha!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleepy Sermons.

"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber."

While not in unknown waters.—German Proverb.

CREMATION.

It is only a little over 30 years since Dr. Francis Julius LeMoyne, of this town, began the agitation for the incineration of human bodies, says the Washington Reporter. He built on Gallows Hill the first cremation furnace which was erected in the United States. While the reform he advocated has not gained much of a foothold in this vicinity, it has spread rapidly in some parts of the United States.

Every large city now has its cremation furnace. Many of these are in connection with old established cemeteries so that those who wish to avail themselves of this method may do so without the expense of traveling a long distance to have the bodies of their dead incinerated. While the LeMoyne crematory was in operation bodies were brought here from all parts of the Uinted States.

Statisticians have been figuring that at our present rate of increase the United States will have a population of 1,000,000,000, within 150 years. That is a short period in the life time of a nation. China traces its national hitsory for more than 2,000 years. It is said that some of its burial grounds are 10 miles in length and occupy an area equal to that of some of the goodsized townships of Washington county. These burial grounds are proving a great obstacle to the material developing of China. Railroads and trolley lines cannot be constructed through them. They are great barriers to progress.

The Pitt Diamond.

While Pitt, the grandfather of Lord Chatham, was governor of Fort St. George in 1698 he became acquainted with a jewel merchant named Jamchund, who brought a diamond of great size for sale. He asked £30,000 for it in the rough. It should, of course, have been bought on behalf of the company, but Pitt, seeing money in it, could not resist the temptation of making a private bargain. He became the possessor of the stone for the sum of £20,400, and he was quite satisfied that he had behaved honorably when he paid the man, who on his part was also content. But the diamond was known to be worth more than Jamchund had received, and the transaction gave rise to a good deal of gossip, which in no way decreased when later on Pitt had the stone cut in England and sold it to the regent of France for £135,000. Even that enormous sum did not represent its true value. The stone was set in the royal crown of France. It weighed 410 carats in the rough, but the cutting reduced it to 136 carats.—Mrs. Penney's "Fort St. George, Madras."

A Tartar Courtship.

Among the Tchulian Tartars a curious mode of "popping the question" exists. The Tchulian bachelor in search of a wife, having filled a brand new pipe with fragrant tobacco, stealthily enters the dwelling of the fair one upon whom he has bestowed his affections, deposits the pipe upon a conspicuous article of furniture and retires on tiptoe to some convenient hiding place in the neighborhood, local etiquette requiring that he should execute this strategic movement apparently undetected by the damsel of his choice or any other member of her family. Presently he returns without further affectation of secrecy and looks into the apartment in a casual sort of way. A single glance at the pipe he left behind him enables him to learn the fate of his proposal. If it has been smoked he goes forth an accepted and exultant bridegroom; if not, the offer of his hand and heart has been so irrevocably rejected as nor to be even worth a pipe of tobacco.

She Knew the Day Well.

A poor little faded woman had been brought into court as witness in a case involving very important issues. The entire case depended on the fact that a paper had been signed on a certain day, and this the forlorn little woman was prepared to prove.

"You saw the paper signed?" asked the opposing counsel in cross examination.

"Yes, sir."

"And you take your oath that it was the 13th of August?"

"I know it was, sir."

The lawyer, who thought another date could be proved, assumed an exasperating smile and repeated her words.

"You know it was? And now be so good as to tell us how you know it."

The poor little creature looked from one countenance to another with wide, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy; then her gaze rested on the kindly face of the judge.

"I know," she said, as if speaking to him alone, "because that was the day my baby died."—Pearson's Weekly.

Social Progress.

"The Pilters are getting on rapidly, aren't they?"

"Indeed, yes. They used to employ a washerwoman, but now they have a laundress."—Woman's Home Companion.

Why He Is Solid.

"How can you tell he is solid with the firm? Does he come in late and go away early?"

"No; he comes in early and goes away late."—Buffalo Express.

Bona Fide Clearance Sale of Clothing Still Going on at

LESLIE CAMPBELL CO'S.

The American Clothing Store

DID YOU SEE OUR HAND BILL? If not, get one and bring it around and see for yourself. **We have all we advertise.** Positively the greatest Clothing Sale ever held. Read our claims and then come see the goods at the advertised figures : : : : : : : : :

Give Away Clothing Prices

$10.00 suits we'll sell to you for only	$ 5.00
12.00 "	6.00
12.00 and 13.50 suits	8.50
15.00 and 16.00 suits	10.00
18.00 and 20.00 suits	12.50

Money Saving Prices on Men's Shirts

$1.50 men's dress shirts now $1.15
1.00 men's dress shirts now ..... 69c and 79c

PANTS—Listen, Read

One lot men's pants worth $5, $6, $7, value to go for $3.50

Boys' Suits at Actually Less than the Real Cost to Manufacture

$2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $5.50, $5.00, $6.00 Boys' Suits now for ..... $1.50, $2.50 to $3.50

NOTICE! The store of Leslie Campbell Co., the American Clothiers, located at 413 McKean Avenue, has been officially named as headquarters at which to purchase Street Railway Uniforms, Division 85, Amalgamated Association Street and Electric Railway Employees of America.

LESLIE CAMPBELL CO.

The American Clothiers

413 McKean Avenue Charleroi, Pa.

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it and as we read the words we can solely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passerby. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue:

"What is thy name, O statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

Dropping the Curtain.

"No, Mr. Slowun," said the fair possessor of the square chin, "I must respectfully decline to become your other half."

"But why?" asked the astonished young man, who had believed that he was the favored one.

"Because," replied the female embodier of the frosty digit, "the man I marry must be brave and fearless. Tonight you let out the information that you have loved me for five long, weary years, but have not dared mention it until the present meeting. A man who has no more nerve than that would hide under the bed while his wife went downstairs to interview a burglar who was making a raid on the family larder. Therefore, Mr. Slowun, I will work the piano for a little slow music while the curtain drops on the farewell scene. You will find your hat on the usual peg of the hall rack. Good evening!"—London Mail.

Speculative Life Insurance.

A mania for speculative insurances on the lives of public personages prevailed in England during the eighteenth century. Warren Hastings, the pretender, the rebel lords or the unfortunate Admiral Byng answered equally the purpose of speculation, and there were also regular quotations on the lives of notorious highwaymen. Sir Robert Walpole at one period of his career, when his life was endangered by popular tumults, was insured for many thousands, and when George II. fought at Dettingen 25 per cent was paid against his return. Such speculative insurances were, however, largely checked by the gambling act of 1774, which made insurable interest a necessary condition for a valid policy.—Argonaut.

THE AMERICAN WON.

Hobbs Picked All the Locks in the Bank of England.

The first world's fair, the Crystal palace at London, was held in 1851. It was at the Crystal palace that the American mechanic showed that he stood second to none in the world. Hobbs challenged Chubb, and Hobbs, the American mechanic, carried off the first prize as a lockmaker. Hobbs represented an American manufacturer of iron bank safes. He placed his safe on exhibition and tied the key to the combination lock on the outside. Inside the safe was placed £250, or $1,250 and the free offer was made to the mechanics of the world that if they opened the safe the money contained therein could be taken for their success. The safe was never opened. At that time Chubb was famous all over England and in Europe as a lockmaker. The Bank of England indorsed Chubb and used his locks exclusively. Hobbs examined the workmanship of the locks and offered to not only enter the outer doors of the Bank of England, but to open also the seven doors leading to the treasure safes, inside of two hours if permission was given. This was too much for the Britishers to stand, and they gave the necessary consent.

Hobbs was on hand two hours before the time for opening the doors of the bank arrived and announced himself ready to go to work. All the tools he had he carried in his vest pocket, consisting of about twenty picks. He opened the front door in seven minutes and entered the bank triumphantly. He next approached the outer door of the treasure safe. In six minutes the door opened, and before one hour had passed, half of the time he asked for he had his hands in the treasure of the bank, much to the amazement of the directors of the bank and to the intense disgust of Chubb, a man of influence and wealth. He took his defeat gamely, however, and soon set to work to improve his locks. This he did by taking Hobbs into his employ as an adviser.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's visit to this country is in the interest of Irish industries.

Mrs. Taft's name heads the roll of honorary members of the Daughters of Ohio. She was elected at a recent meeting of the society which was held in New York.

Miss Catharine Regina Seabury, for some years the head of St. Agnes' school at Albany, is spoken of as the successor of Miss Agnes Irwin as dean of Radcliffe college.

Queen Wilhelmina, who has recently become a convert to perfumes, prefers the soft, uncertain French odors, and she uses them in a French way. She scents each article of clothing strongly, but with a different odor.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, instructor in the department of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is to give a course of lectures at the University of California the coming summer on "Household Economics."

Mrs. Mary Nevins Bull, widow of Dr. William T. Bull, has presented to the New York Academy of Medicine a bronze bust of her husband, which was Dr Bull's last gift to her before he died. She gives it to the academy in his son's name.

Little Miss Emily Boynton of Colorado, who is only thirteen years old, has a record as a mountain climber. She recently ascended Long's peak, commonly called the American Matterhorn, which is 14,271 feet high, scorning the aid of a guide, even at the dangerous points. The feat would be difficult for a man.

Countess von Roos Farrar, a niece of Archdeacon Farrar, is giving her whole time to New York's sick and needy. She has lately secured seventy-five acres at Spring Valley, N. Y., and will build there a home for children of criminals, not only to care for the waifs, but to make a thorough test of the theory of inherited crime. Criminologists are said to be much interested in the results of the venture.

WATCH THIS SPACE

for news of interest to theatre goers

Change of subjects daily of High Grade Pictures The children are given special care and attention : : : : : : :

STAR THEATRE

422 Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.

JAMES McKENNA, Prop.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Don't take Anybody's word for it.

Come and investigate for yourself.

While we feel, as reputable merchants, that our printed word is just as good as our spoken word and that it should command your earnest consideration yet we realize that it may be hard for many to believe that fashionable, dependable and seasonable shoes are sacrificed a third and a quarter and in many instances are sold for less than the actual cost of making.

Yet that is just what we have to do at the end of every season in order to clean out every pair of surplus stock.

Men's and women's alike are sacrificed and here's the schedule:

$4.00	regular	values	$2.95
3.50	"	"	2.45
3.00	"	"	1.95
2.50	"	"	1.45
2.00	"	"	.98

Come and see for yourself how far you can make a little money go during this clearance sale.

Sample Shoe Store

Read the Mail

FRED FREEMAN

Practical Painter and Paper Hanger

Wells Building 312 Fifth Street Charleroi, Pa.

MONEY SAVED ON PAINTS

We lately made a purchase of a bankrupt stock of paints, varnishes, etc., and will cut and slash prices as follows: Wise people will lay in a supply of the same. Johnson's, Moores and Bridgeport paints, the very highest grade on the market will be on sale.

50c grade, bankrupt price			35c
35c	"	"	20c
25c	"	"	10c

Our Varnishes are the Highest Grade at the Lowest Price

HOUSE PAINT SAVINGS

The $1.60 grade now	$1.35 per Gal.
The 1.50 grade now	1.25 per Gal.
Fine black Elastic Paint only	45c per Gal.
Fine red roofing paint only	75c per Gal.

Free Plate--NOTICE--Free Plate

We are giving away beautiful souvenir finely decorated plates with all purchases of $1.00 or over. A yard stick also with purchases.

WALL PAPER CLEARANCE SALE

We must sell them

20c grade to go at	12 1-2c
~~15c grade to go at~~	9c
12 1-2c grade to go at	7 1-2c
10c grade to go at	6c
7 1-2c to go at	4c

Lot of single rooms to move at 2c and 3c per bolt.

Come early for good selection.

Special prices on all sizesf window glass. Smallest sizes to the very largest on the market.

One-half price on a lot of fine picture frames with subjects. Gilt moulding 1c up to the finest.

Sale Starts July 26, '09

LOVE'S INTUITION.

A Girl Who Was Able to Read Beneath the Surface.

By MARY WOOD.

Above the shrill whir of the crickets rose the hum of feminine voices. Under the green apple boughs the hammock convention was in full swing. Miss Maybrick called it a hornets' nest and preferred the doubtful coolness of the piazza. But, then, she was a college professor, too superior to appreciate the joys of the younger set.

Jane Carew, however, sometimes agreed with her. This afternoon she hid her face behind a book, while girlish fancies carried her far above the swaying leaves up into the perfect blue of the July sky. How lovely nature was this summer, how full life of new delights!

Miss Maybrick's name brought her back to earth again—Miss Maybrick, the one cloud in her sky.

"Oh, yes, she approves of him," saucy Madge was saying. "She can put up with his sunburned face, roughened hands and the general boorishness of a farmer. But I suppose at her age any man is acceptable. To tell the truth, I have almost reached that condition myself in this man forsaken spot." And she shook her head in mock despair.

"Jane agrees with her," some one added a little maliciously. "She never seems to mind sharing his attentions with her."

A book went down with a crash and angry spots of scarlet glowed in Jane's cheeks as she said defiantly: "John Staunton is not a boor. He is a gentleman. Just because he scorns to talk the twaddle that men usually think good enough for us girls you vote him a boor. He often makes me ashamed of the little I know, and the books he lends me have opened up a new world, a world bigger and better than all the flirting and shams and heartaches that go to make up society. No wonder he likes to talk to Miss Maybrick. She's worth the whole lot of us when it comes to knowing the things that are worth while."

The girl stopped short with a gasp as she realized the horrified hush which had fallen on the circle. "Oh, what have I said?" she cried and buried her face in her cushions.

But Madge's gay voice was tender as she stroked the brown head. "You've read us a lecture, Janie, dear," she said gently, "but I fancy we needed it a bit. It's horrid to talk about one of your friends the way we talk about Staunton, and we ought to ask your pardon. As for Miss Maybrick, she's a stuck up old thing, and you're ever so much nicer than she in spite of all she knows. Just wait till Cousin Alex comes next week and see the new world that he opens to you. He is really literary and writes things for other people to read."

Jane's face was still hidden. She was battling to overcome her tears and even harder to drive out of her heart the unreasonable jealousy of the older woman that somehow had crept into it. The time had been when she would have scorned her as a rival, but love had made her humble. Youth and beauty seemed of small weight to cast into the scales against years of scholastic training and study.

Cousin Alex came. He was a slim, dapper young man, with an important manner rather at variance with his size. But he had a way of retailing old jokes that made them seem new and a stock of compliments suited to every age and was therefore greatly in favor among the guests at the sleepy old farmhouse. As befitting his pretensions as a journalist he rattled on unceasingly about books and literature. He knew this man and that book, and, above all, he was one whose name should some day stand foremost in the world of letters. The date was not yet set, but he spoke of "his novel" mysteriously, even reverently, and his feminine audience was accordingly impressed.

More or less unwillingly Jane was compelled to listen to many of these predictions, for "Cousin Alex" at once developed a fondness for her society. Perhaps certain glances that Staunton cast in his direction added zest to the chase. Perhaps it was the elusive fashion in which the girl received his advances. Certain it is that a week's time had earned him the very fitting name of "Jane's shadow."

Yet to Jane herself each day seemed to bring more unhappiness. Staunton came as often as ever, but at sight of Alex by her side he left the laughing group to chat with Miss Maybrick in intimate aloofness. And as the girl saw the door to the beautiful new world closing because the hand of him who held it open was withdrawn the pain and weariness of her old frivolous life seemed almost past bearing.

Her eyes were more wistful than she knew one evening as she saw a tall, muscular figure swing up the walk with the easy, confident stride of the man who was master of his fate. Staunton's face softened as he met them, and, though Cousin Alex Hamblin was on hand, as usual, he settled himself on the top step with the air of a man who had come to stay. The brown eyes were downcast now, but a shy blush of pleasure still flushed her cheeks.

There was always a visible air of constraint between the two men, but Hamblin rose manfully to the occasion. Here was a most longed for opportunity to prove to Miss Jane that Staunton was but a boor of a farmer, after all, and no match for a man of the world like himself.

If the older man detected his half veiled tone of patronage, he only smiled quizzically. Indeed, his position soon grew more untenable than that of his adversary. As the conversation ranged from books to men and back to books again Jane saw, with a thrill of pride, that Staunton more than held his own. What is more, he held his temper, a precaution neglected by the other.

At last the talk fell upon one of the recent novels, a book of unusual strength and breadth of view. Jane had read it several times, for it had seemed to point her to the new life she longed to live. Staunton was silent, as though in unspoken condemnation. Thereupon Hamblin became an enthusiastic defender and openly scoffed at his lack of appreciation.

A shadow crossed the moonlit porch, but the three did not see Miss Maybrick till her voice broke in on the controversy.

"You would not expect Mr. Staunton to criticise his own book, would you?" she said calmly. Then, as her ear caught Jane's low exclamation of wonder, she added in a tone of surprise: "Had you not guessed that he was an author, Miss Carew? I heard that you defended him very eloquently one afternoon in the orchard and said a good word for me too. For that I want to thank you."

Staunton's face was turned toward the blushing girl, and in full moonlight Miss Maybrick could read his secret. If it sounded the deathknell to some hope in her own heart, gratitude to her companion made her lead the bewildered Alex for a walk down the lane and a gradual restoration of his self confidence.

"And I have to thank you, too, Jane," Staunton said tenderly.

But he took her down to the orchard and told her in his own way.

"How did you guess that I was not the farmer I pretended to be?" with a hint of wonder under his gladness.

Jane raised a face radiant with the realization that the new world was opened forever. "Just because you are you," she said joyously. "Love is not always blind."

A Story That Varies.

There is a story more or less diffused of a young bride on her wedding day playing the game of hide and seek and concealing herself in one of those ancient carved chests of large size. After she had got in the lid closed, and she found herself unable to raise it again, for it fastened with a spring, and she was shut in. Search was made for her in every quarter but the right one, and great perplexity and dismay were caused by her disappearance. It was not till years after, when chance led to the opening of the chest, that the body of the young bride was discovered and the mystery of her disappearance solved.

The story is found in so many places that it may be questioned whether it is true of any one of them. Rogers tells it of a palace in Modena. The chest in which the poor bride was found is shown at Bramshill, in Hampshire, the residence of Sir John Cope. Another similar chest with precisely the same story attached to it was long shown at Marwell Old Hall, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham.

The folk tale of Catskin or Peau d'Ane represents the girl dying with her bridal dresses from a marriage that is repugnant to her, and as this tale is found all over Europe it may have metamorphosed itself into that of the bride who got into a chest and died there.—Cornhill Magazine.

Detecting a Thief.

Some of the stories in the "Folklore of the Holy Land" seem to be at least founded on fact. And, indeed, when we come down to quite recent times we find undoubtedly genuine stories that might have been told of the days of the caliphs.

Here is one of Ibrahim Pasha:

A goldsmith of Jaffa complained that his house had been robbed and remarked that the Egyptian occupation had not brought security.

The pasha promised redress.

The next day he came to the man's shop and in the presence of a great crowd ordered the executioner to give the door a hundred lashes.

Then he stooped as if to listen. "The door tells nonsense," he cried; "another hundred!"

He stooped again.

"The same tale: the door persists that the thief is somewhere in this crowd of honest people and that he has some of the dust and cobwebs from the shop on his tarboosh."

He had his eye on the crowd and saw a man hastily raise his hand to brush his fez.

The man was arrested and confessed his guilt.

A Chromatic Love Affair.

"Marooned!" muttered the villain, turning white and striking his forehead.

Violet, pearl of women, had refused him again.

He lapsed into a brown study, wondering if he were too green to win any woman's love. Perhaps she objected to his prematurely gray hair, or could it be that the cardinal virtues of his rival outweighed his old gold?

The hero entering, black as a thunder cloud, readily solved the mystery.

"There's a yellow streak in you!" he cried. "In the hope of winning my betrothed, Violet, you have jilted Alice, and it has made Alice blue!"

The villain rose, madder than a hornet, purpling with rage beneath his tan. But before he could speak the hero had plinked him with his sword.

Violet screamed. Terror caught her.

But her lover soothed her.

"Red of him at last," he murmured, folding her in his arms and kissing her cherry lips as the crimson sun sank in the west, partially obscured by the London smoke.

Epilogue. Orange blossoms.—Los Angeles Times.

THE CAPITOL STATUE

Heroic Figure That Surmounts the Dome in Washington.

THE MODEL WAS CHANGED.

Jefferson Davis Objected to the Original as Designed by Crawford, and It Was Altered to Symbolize "Armed Liberty," as It Now Stands.

"Armed Liberty," the splendid statue that crowns the dome of the capitol, is by far the most symbolic of all the statues in Washington. Beautiful and reposeful, yet with an air of vigilance, it is perhaps the least appreciated of the city's statues, possibly because of its being placed at such an altitude that it cannot easily be studied. The original plans of the capitol called for a statue to surmount the dome, but no title was then given it, and comparatively few people know the real name of the statue.

Seeking this information, a Post reporter interrogated a number of persons whose daily occupations keep them almost constantly beneath the shadow of the great statue. To the question "What is the name of the statue above the dome of this building?" came these widely different opinions:

"The name of that statue? Why, it's the Goddess of Freedom."

"Yes; I can tell you the name. It is the Goddess of Liberty."

Several declared it to be the statue of Independence. Others said, "It is an Indian woman."

"It is the God of Justice and Freedom," declared a portly man in a tone that defied questioning.

"It represents an American woman, but I am not sure of her name."

"Well, now, I never inquired what lady that statue commemorates," remarked a politician from a not very distant state, "but it is a fine work of art."

"It is a statue of the god of war, Mars."

"Can you tell me something about that statue above the dome?" was asked a man whose knowledge is well known.

"Why, certainly. It is a woman of colonial days. Can't you see the trimming around the mantle and the curls about the face? And the features are delicately molded. You see, I have studied the model at the museum. It surely is a woman. I think you can safely say it is an American woman."

One who always tries his best to help others said: "Now, all statues, as you know, bear the names of the people they represent, and if you will just step over to the library of congress I think you can easily find some book on statues that will tell you all you want to know. It is a woman, I am sure, so look for the female statues."

A younger member of the house replied to the question about the statue most suavely and confidingly. "It is the god of progress, you know his name." Several of the colored men in the various parts of the building were nearly all quite sure it was the Goddess of Freedom. One of them knew the year, 1863, when it was placed above the dome, and he affirmed, "It is the Goddess of American Liberty Before the War."

"You want to know the name of that statue? Well, just wait a minute, and I will get it for you first-hand." And a most accommodating guide passed into the senate chamber. Directly he returned.

"That is a statue of Pocahontas." Every one had a different name for the statue, not one giving the real name, "Armed Liberty."

The statue was modeled by Thomas Crawford, father of the novelist, the late F. Marion Crawford. It was cast at a Maryland foundry. Jefferson Davis was secretary of war when the model was first presented in the war department. The statue then wore a liberty cap and carried a bundle of rods. Davis objected to the liberty cap as being emblematic of the emancipated slaves, while Americans were freeborn. He also thought the bundle of rods, suggesting the functions of the Roman lictor, had lost its symbolic character. Because of these criticisms of Secretary Davis the model was changed, and "Armed Liberty" was evolved.

The statue is nine feet six inches tall and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was put in place on Dec. 2, 1863. The head is thrown back and adorned with eagle's beak and plumes. The right hand rests on a sword, and the left holds an olive branch and a shield. The mantle is gracefully draped and is held by a brooch bearing "U. S." on its face. The helmet is encircled with stars. The supporting globe bears the legend "E Pluribus Unum."—Washington Post.

The Emu's Kick.

An emu can kick as hard as any donkey. The bird stands on one leg and with the other delivers at will a quick and generally very accurate blow. "I never would have believed that a bird had such power," says a recent Australian traveler, "had I not had ocular evidence of it during our trip. After two or three of our men suffered from the terrible kicks of these birds we did not venture near them, but, after running our horses until we got close enough, would bring them down with our rifles. We killed them for their feathers and also hunted for their eggs, but we took good care not to go within kicking distance."

In his better moments stormy Carlyle used to say, "Kindness is the sum of life, the charm to captivate and the sword with which to conquer."

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To buy the Bargains at the Summer Clearance Sale of Women's and Misses' Wearing Apparel and Millinery.

This is the annual summer close out in suits, skirts, waists, coats and trimmed hats. The stocks are so very large and the prices so very low that this will be a great sale. Don't delay as it will only be for four days, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, and we intend to make a clean sweep.

The heavy reductions will make big selling.

You know our hats are beautiful, charming and stylish, and the prices were always low. At this sale all the trimmed hats go at Half Price.

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The Railroads all over the country are seeking young men proficient to all clerical positions.

There are positions of responsibility with good pay, open for those who are willing to prepare themselves to fill same.

We teach all branches of Railroad, freight and passenger station work and equip our students ready to accept positions, and help them to obtain same.

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A GREAT BLAZE

Of Conviction Sweeping Over Charleroi.

The more people know of the new remedy, Root Juice, the more convinced are they of the wonderful merits of the discovery. Scores of people have bought it at Piper Bros.' drug store and after using it a short while they are so loud in praise of it that their neighbors are going to the store in such crowds for the medicine it is hard to keep it in stock. Testimonials are being piled upon testimonials from every direction and many are buying the juice because it is doing so much good for some neighbor or relative. Root Juice has certainly created a great sensation over in Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mr. John Spratt said: "I have suffered a long time with a very painful kidney and bladder trouble, had to get up every fifteen or twenty minutes during the night. I would sometimes so suffer with my back and kidneys that I would have to walk the floor for hours at a time. I began taking Root Juice when it was first introduced here, and after taking it a short time I wish to say for the benefit of my friends and others who suffer as I did, that I am now free from all pain and rest well at night. I am rapidly regaining everyway." Mr. Oscar Green of the same point, R. R. No. 3, said: "Before taking Root Juice I had very bad stomach trouble of long standing. After eating a meal I felt like I had knots or rocks in the pit of my stomach. I bloated very much and had burning in my stomach that pained me very much and caused me to be very nervous, but the first dose of Root Juice I took soothed my stomach and caused me to feel better and after taking the great medicine a short while I can eat anything without suffering for it." We are told that the people at the drug store are glad to give any information within their power in relation to the remedy. The Juice is now on sale for $1 a bottle or three bottles for $2.50.

Notice.

A grey horse was found straying along the railroad tracks at Lock No. 4 by Constable Mathers. The owner should see Mr. Mathers or the horse will be sold to pay for stabling and feed.

213t David Mathers.

LOCAL NOTES

Brief Mention of People and Events in this Community.

Adelmina Riva with her little sister Mary left yesterday morning for a visit with friends in Allegheny.

Miss Mary Lindley of Washington is visiting Miss Sena Mosier of Crest avenue.

Miss Dora Potter of Mansfield, Ohio, arrived in town last night and will spend a few weeks at the home of her uncle, W. E. Potter.

Miss Margaret Wood of Pittsburg is a guest of her grandparents, Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Hogue.

Arch Hormell of Ashtabula, Ohio, is vsiting relatives and friends here.

Rev. and Mrs. G. G. Kerr and son are in Pittsburg today.

Mrs J. H. Bowers, and daughter Jean are in Uniontown today visiting friends.

Mrs. B. F. Barnett after a visit of a few days in Homestead and Pittsburg has returned home. She was accompanied by Mrs. S. A. Barnett, of Fulton county, who will visit here a few days.

Miss Louis Stitt, of Mansfield, Ohio, is a guest of Mrs. William Potter of Fallowfield avenue.

Miss Dorothy Elscher spent last evening in Pittsburg with friends.

Miss Elsie Furlong left this morning for Parkersburg, W. Va., where she will visit Miss Marguerite Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McConnell of Parnassus is the guest of Mrs. Leslie Campbell of McKean avenue. Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. McConnell are spending the day in California with Mrs. T. J. Minehart.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Webner and children went to Coal Centre this morning, where they will spend several days with Mrs. Wehner's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Riggs and daughter Metta returned yesterday from Fairmont, W. Va., where they visited relatives. The trip was made in automobiles.

Miss Agnes Stevenson of Uniontown has returned home after visiting here with friends.

Thomas Riffle of near Adah, Fayette county, is here for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Piper are spending several days in Cleveland, Ohio, with friends.

A garden party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Stewart, Crest avenue and Fourth street, Friday evening. Refreshments will be served. All are invited.

Visited Friends Here.

Major Charles Farnsworth, a member of the United States regular army, was here last night and this morning visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Grant. Major Farnsworth is stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. He has a medal as expert marksman.

Sinnotts Withdraw.

The heirs of Joseph Sinnott have disposed of the Gibsonton distillery, near Belle Vernon, to the Gibsonton distilling company for $350 000.

In one of our institutions of higher education a learned Doctor of Divinity gave this subject for an essay to members of the senior class: "Human Bones Versus Human Progress." We know not what the future holds in store for us but the time may come in this country when the cremation of human bodies will be a matter of necessity.

Classified Ads

WANTED

WANTED—Middle-aged woman to do home cooking. Capitol Lunch Room, Donora. 285tf

Wanted--Carpet Weaver, give full particulars or call care 88 of Mail office. 290tf

WANTED—To secure a house on Crest or Meadow avenue between Fourth and Seventh. Answer care 89 Mail office. 290tf

FOR RENT

TO RENT—Furnished front room, 419 Fallowfield avenue. 287tf

FOR RENT—Five room flat with bath. See Hall or Whitlatch, Fourth and Fallowfield. 288tf

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Oak color piano, Apply 115 Prospect avenue, Charleroi, Pa. 286t,6

METAL MONEY.

The Greeks Started Coining Long Before the Christian Era.

The invention of coinage is due to the Greeks, most probably to the bankers of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor Greek colonies, who toward the end of the eighth century B. C. began stamping the small gold and electron ingots which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal. Such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in the older silver coins from Aegina, nearly contemporary with the Asia Minor "beans."

Curious to say, none of the surrounding peoples with whom the Asiatic and European Greeks were in constant communication, political or commercial, took up the wonderful invention which at present seems to us of such obvious necessity that we scarcely realize how the civilized world of old can ever have got on without it. As a matter of fact, however, neither the Phoenicians, with their practical commercial sense, nor the Lydians nor the Persians, who claimed the supremacy over the very cities where the new currency was initiated, nor, of course, the Egyptians, ever had coinage till the conquests of Alexander disseminated the Greek civilization all through the eastern world.

The Romans came to know of it through the Greek cities in Sicily and Magna Graecia and began striking silver coins toward the beginning of the third century B. C. In the meantime with the Greeks die sinking, like everything else, had fallen within the domain of art, and their coins, above all those struck during the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. by the Dorians of Sicily at Syracuse and Agrigentum, have never been equaled and remain forever a standard of beauty for the artist and a model of perfection for the die sinker.—London Saturday Review.

A FAMOUS BANKNOTE.

The One That Cruikshank Drew and the Crowds It Drew.

One day about the year 1818 George Cruikshank was passing Newgate on his way to the exchange when, seeing a crowd collected, he went forward to learn what was the matter and saw that it was the execution of several men and women. He was horrified at the spectacle and on inquiring learned that the woman was being hanged for passing counterfeit one pound notes. He learned also that this punishment was quite a common thing, even though the poor wretches often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifles and return the change to them. Wrung with pity and with shame, Cruikshank went home and immediately, under the inspiration of his feeling, sketched a grotesque caricature of a banknote. He called it a bank restriction note—not to be imitated. He represented on it a place of execution, with spaces about filled in with halters and manacles, a figure of Britannia devouring her children and transport ships bearing the lucky or unlucky ones who had escaped death to Van Dieman's Land or Australia, while in place of the well known signature of Abraham Newland was that of "J. Ketch."

He had just finished this when his publisher, Hone, entered and, seeing it, begged to have it for publication. So Cruikshank etched it and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window with startling effect. Crowds quickly began to gather and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings. The crowds grew so great that the street was blocked, and the mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realized over £700 in a few days.—London Standard.

Pronunciation.

Dr. Johnson would not have consented to pronounce "wind" differently in prose and in verse. He insisted upon making the "i" long always. The story goes that, in order to crush somebody who preferred the short "i" in ordinary conversation, Johnson, rhyming all three words with "tinned," remarked, "I cannot find it in my mind to call it wind, but"—rhyming all three words with "blind"—"I can find it in my mind to call it wind." But his adversary got the better of him. Johnson himself always pronounced "gold" as "goold." "If I may be so boold," said the other, "I should like to be toold why you call it goold."

A Caustic Critic.

The Paris critic Martin once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good."

"They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied slowly.

Defenseless Man.

A woman writer in one of the magazines says women are sacrificed by thousands in the name of marriage. Yes, but what about the defenseless men who are each year torn from their comfortable homes and dragged to the altar?—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Optimism.

"Some fish ate the bait right off my hook," she said.

"Cheer up. He'll be all the bigger when you do catch him," he responded encouragingly.—Buffalo Express.

The swan is the longest lived of birds.

Hannibal in Italy.

Hannibal entered northern Italy in the year 218 B. C. and gained during that year the two victories of Ticinus and Trebia, both in Cisalpine Gaul. The next year he advanced farther south and defeated the Romans at Trasymenus, and the year following, having proceeded still farther south, he inflicted upon them the terrible defeat at Cannae, at which time his ascendency attained its maximum. He remained for thirteen years longer, but gained no more decisive victories. He was finally recalled by the authorities at Carthage, who had never given him anything like a decent support.—New York American.

All the Difference.

Among the patients in the private ward of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen, but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen, it wouldn't trouble me either!"—Lippincott's.

Birthdays and Health.

For several years I have noticed that in a period of from about three to two weeks preceding the anniversary of my birth I have had a feeling of returning vigor, a renewal of vitality such as I have not experienced at any other time of the year. This has lasted for from two to eight days, but has always ceased some days before the anniversary; hence it has occurred to me that there may be some connection between the approach or recurrence of one's birth date and the maintenance of one's health.—London Graphic.

A Bad Man.

Herman Whitaker wrote a story of the Tehuantepec rubber plantation. Guadaloupe, the mandador on one plantation at which Mr. Whitaker stayed, was informed that he was to be one of the characters in his story. "He never failed to question me each day as to the things I had made him do—in the story," said Mr. Whitaker. "When one morning I informed him that I had killed him off, he expressed great surprise.

"'Porque, senor, porque?'

"'Because you are a bad man, Guadaloupe.' Which was perfectly true.

"'I, senor?' he questioned, greatly surprised.

"'Si, Guadeloupe, you are bad. Think of how many men you have killed, according to your own count.'

"He thought for awhile, then looked up with a humorous smile. 'Oh, well! Did I put up a good fight?'

"'You bet you did, Guadaloupe.'

"Whereupon eyebrows and shoulders went up in a shrug. 'Bueno! Bueno! Then it ees all right.'"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

That Settled It.

The commissioners in lunacy were nonplused. The man on whose mental condition the courts had appointed them to pass seemed perfectly sane in spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.

And then, at the thought of earning their fees with no qualms of conscience, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.—New York Times.

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THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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VOL. IX. NO. 291. CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1909. One Cent.

RIGHTS OF WAY MAN AT WORK ON TROLLEY SURVEY

Prospects are for Construction to Begin Soon.

ONE HALF RIGHTS SECURED

Owners of Property Along Proposed Route Said to Favor Project.

J. W. McKay, right of way man for the Monongahela and Washington Street Railway company, is busy securing the right of way along the survey from Monongahela to Marianna, for a street railway line to be constructed, it is stated, in the near future. It is planned to extend the lines to Marianna, and thence to Washington. The company has tracks laid for a possible half mile in Monongahela, from Main street to the borough limits.

Rights of way have been secured from Marianna to Washington. The survey from Monongahela was only completed recently, however, and this leaves about one-half of the right of way to be secured. Mr. McKay has all data in hand and is systematically going over the route along the Pigeon Creek valley.

Many of the land holders along the Pigeon creek valley have expressed themselves favorable to such an enterprise, and now that the opportunity is afforded to secure such a modern convenience little doubt is expressed, but what they will be ready to meet the railway company on liberal lines. Rights of way will be secured through Cokeburg, Ellsworth, Bentleyville, as well as all points along the proposed route.

Satisfactory arrangements have been made for taking care of the financial end of the enterprise, and the promoters are now awaiting the securing of the necessary rights before beginning active work on the extension.

CAVE IN OF WALL AT DUNLEVY CAUSES STREET CAR DELAY

Tipple of Dunlevy Mine Weakened, but Real Damage was Slight.

A cave-in of the wall at the Dunlevy, tipple, over the tracks of the Pittsburg Railways company at that point last evening caused a delay of a few hours in trolley service. The cave-in was at about 6:30 o'clock and it was 10 o'clock before the debris was cleared from the tracks.

The wall that fell was the one under the Dunlevy tipple. It weakened the tipple somewhat, but will not interfered with the running of the mines. The damage was practically nothing.

Examinations Rigid.

With the last examination to be held at Washington August 9, County Superintendent Crumrine has announced the result of 12 examinations held during the school year. The total number taking examinations was 493, and of this number 334 were successful. The work of the applicants this year was of a much higher grade than that of last year.

Down on the Farm For the Summer

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Berryman at Son's Place at Library.

Since the first of the month Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Berryman have been living at Library, on the farm of their son, W. I. Berryman, Esq., of Pittsburg. Mr. Berryman, who is the senior member of the big department store of J. W. Berryman and Son, is spending a well earned vacation in leading the simple life. When he gets tired of sitting with his heels on the veranda railing, he works in the garden. Saturdays he comes up to the store, because the establishment cannot get along altogether without the presence of "Grandpap," as he is familiarly called by all the employes there.

RECORD TIME FOR CHURCH

Canvass Made, Members Procured, Plot Selected, and Option Secured.

LOCAL PASTOR INTERESTED

Rev. H. C. Boblitt, pastor of the Charleroi Christian church, accomanied by Rev. H. E. Beckler, pastor of the Monongahela Christian church, Leslie Campbell of Australia, centennial secretary, and Rev. Cowlinger of Georgia, made a visit to Marianna one day last week, the object of the visit being a missionary tour in the interests of the Christian denomination.

After making a canvass of the 3,000 people who compose the town the quartet found 52 members of the Christian church. Immediately another canvass was made and before the ministers left town they had virtually effected a church organization, secured a hall for an immediate place of meeting, had options on a lot for a church building and arranged for plans to be drawn for a church building. This is perhaps one of the quickest church extension records in the county.

Gave Sight to Blind.

After being totally blind for 11 years as the result of cataracts on her eyes, Mrs. Sadie Tucksberry, of West Waynesburg, can now see. Monday the cataracts were removed from the eyes and while the operation is considered successful it will be some time before she can use her eyes. The operation was performed by Dr. T. L. Blair, assisted by Dr. F. C. Stahlman, of Charleroi.

Kuhns Accept Bonds.

The $64,000 issue of bonds to pay for the county's share of the verdict, and costs in the Wiliamsport bridge suit, has been accepted by J. S. and W. S. Kuhn, of Pittsburg. The bonds are being printed and will be delivered next week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Eagye returned today from Chautauqua, where they spent the past several days.

INSTALLING ADDITIONAL EQUIPMENT

Monessen Page Plant Will Build Another Furnace.

Many improvements and extensions of the Monessen plant of the Page Woven Wire Fence company are under way. The management has just given orders to build another 60 ton stationary basic open hearth furnace, and when completed the Page company will be self-sustaining, their steel production then being equal to thier rod mill capacity. This new furnace will be a duplicate of one built last year which has given much satisfaction. The building of this furnace will be done by employes of the Monessen plant, it being unnecessary to get outside help for the work.

In addition to this substantial improvement, the company is building a rod mill conveyor, which will take the wire rods from the reels in the rod mill and convey them through an underground pssageway to the cleaning house which herstofore has been done by an overhead crane. This crane will be removed and installed on a long runway in connection with the open hearth furnaces, to handle scrap iron by use of an electric magnet.

The Page people are also extending their galvanizing and special process equipment. Their product is being sold all over the globe. By these improvements a steady run is assured for the plant.

SOCIAL EVENTS OF DAY IN CHARLEROI

Select Dance of Fraternity Organization—Parties and Socials.

Alpha Phi Beta Dance.

Guests from Charleroi and many other places along the valley attended the dance of the Alpha Phi Beta Fraternity at Elcora Park last night, there being nearly 100 couples present. Dancing was from 8:30 until 1. The committee on arrangements was as follows: Thomas A. Mosier, James Small, Richard C. Roberts, Richard Carothers, Glenn Lynn, Dale Allen, Lloyd Wagner, Russell Biytne, Logan Wingett, Raymond Kent, Willis Moore, and William Thompson. The patronesses were, Mrs. C. W. Weltner, Mrs. Harry J. Repman, Mrs. E. E. Piper, Mrs. E. C. Niver, Mrs. G. W. Cooper, Mrs. J. P. Mosier, Mrs. J. B. Enos, Mrs. R. A. Roberts, Mrs. W. W. Jimeson.

Entertains For Local Girls.

Miss Mattie Kelly entertained at her home on McKean avenue last night in honor of Misses Burna and Helen Springer, who, with their parents, leave in a short time for the far west. A number of young people were present, and the time was enjoyably spent in playing games and music. Lunch was served by the hostess.

Reunion Near.

The first Wednesday in August being the date set for the Wickerham, Grant, Sampson Reunion, the respective committees are requested to make arrangements for same. Adam Wickerham is president of the association, and Dr. Lida Grant is secretary.

A party composed of Mrs. Rache Miller, Mrs. Mary Crawford, Mrs. John Campbell, Miss Mamie Keffer, Miss Anna Sembower, and Master James Browning, Jr., all of Uniontown, and Mrs. Ralph Robison of near Charleroi, spent Tuesday with the latter's mother, Mrs. A. M. Rockwell of North Charleroi. The occaison was in honor of Mrs. Rockwell's 55th birthday.

A number of little girls who recently conducted a "doll store," on Fallowfield avenue, held a picnic on the lawn near the Elks Club building last evening. Refreshments were served.

Lutherans Picnic.

The Lutherans are holding their annual picnic at Lyno's Grove today. A large crowd is present, the Sunday school children being in the majority.

GOOD RECORD MADE BY MONESSEN GENERAL HOSPITAL SINCE OPENING

Several Operations Performed this Week—One of Woman who had Suffered Unusual Number of Convulsions.

A good record has been made at the Monessen General Hospital since its opening. Out of a large number of surgical cases, only one has been lost, that of Joe Zeppe, the Black Hander who was fatally shot May 30 at Wireton. Since last Sunday five operations have been performed at the hospital, all of them succesful.

A remarkable surgical case was that of an operation performed upon Mrs. Rosie Robeska, an 18-year-old woman, who had been in convulsions for several days, having had something over 115 convulsions—an unusual number. Mrs. Robeska is living and doing well. Her condition was [illegible] saving the patient's life, yet Dr. Griffith successfully performed the operation that relieved the woman.

MISS FAU WRITES CONCERNING TRIP

Charleroi Girl in France has Interesting Things to Tell.

The following letter was received by Eugene Fau of Fallowfield avenue, from his daughter Adeline, who with her mother is visiting friends and relatives in France. As Adeline has many young friends in Charleroi, the letter is reproduced for their benefit:

Dear Papa: We arrived at Paris yesterday and are stopping at the Licant Hotel. The boat landed on Thursday at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. We went to the train for Paris which left at 1:25 p. m. We reached Paris at 5:30 p. m. Uncle Julien and Aunt Caroline of Montpellier were at the station. We waited about an hour for our trunks and went to the hotel, which we reached at 8 o'clock. Paris is a wonderful city. There are many beautiful buildings and above all some of the most gorgeous hats I ever saw. Talk about the styles! Well these styles are certainly magnificient. I'll tell you all about them when I come back. In the next letter I write I will tell you more about Paris.

I want to write something about our trip from New York to Havre. The boat left New York on Thursday at 10 a. m. A big crowd was at the pier to bid it good-bye. About two hours after the boat started I got sick. We went down to dinner and I could'nt eat. The odor which was down stairs helped to make me sick. I was real sick for about two days. Mother and uncle were not sick at all. I made friends with girls on the boat. One little girl by the name of Reine was a great friend. She has a big brother and he took our pictures. I gave her my address and if the pictues are good she will send them. So don't be surprised if you get it. We had bad weather all the time we were on the boat. It rained and we had four days of fog. Some days the sun would shine very hot and the next day it would be very cold. We did not see many fish. On Monday we saw an iceberg which was larger than the boat. On Sunday they danced and they danced every night after that. Through the day I was always sick and at night I always felt better.

This morning we are going out to see the sights of Paris. Uncle Julien is here putting a cap on my head and is teasing me. Uncle Henry is telling me to hurry up. I slept good last night for I was tired. Tell the girls I will send them their postals tomorrow. We send you all our best. I am going to close for Uncle Henry will take an Irish fit if I don't. Good-bye. From your daughter.

Don't forget to give my best wishes to all my friedst and everyone.

Adeline Fau.

Paris, July 9.

Must Measure Roads.

By an Act of Assembly approved by Governor Stuart, May 13 last, the road supervisors in the various townships throughout the State, are required, within six months after the passage of the act, to measure all public roads in their respective townships. Such measurement shall be made either by the use of a cyclometer or otherwie as the board may direct, and the supervisors shall report the number of miles of road in each township to the State Highway Commissioners.

Misses Annie and Francis Estenfelder of Meadow avenue left this morning for Conneaut, where they will spend several days.

WATER BUSINESS ONE OF "BENEFITS"

Correspondent Writes Interesting Letter to the Mail.

To the Mail: According to Bisohp Spalding, whose article is given space in the Mail of July 20, workingmen should be contented if they are living as well now as they were in the early part of the nineteenth century, when it took one man twenty days to produce as much as one man can produce in one day at the present time. Who does Bishop Spalding think should get the benefit of this extra production? The man who produced it, or the idle fellow who never does anything but frown upon Socialism?

The article goes on to say that "even the radical Socialist admits that priviate property is not a crime." Corrected this would read: Socialists believe in private property, if privately used, but if publicly used it should be owned by the public. We don't have to go out of Charleroi to find the "benefits" of private ownership of public utilities. The demands of the public that are being "tabled" regarding the water works is very good evidence that private ownership is a blessing, but those ignorant Socialists can't see it that way.

C. P.

Speers, July 21.

NOT MANY CASES FOR AUGUST TERM OF CRIMINAL COURT

Many Pleas of Guilty have been Heard During Past Weeks.

There are 107 cases listed for the August term of criminal court. A large number of the defendants have entered pleas of guilty to the charges against them and received sentence. The list will likely be a light one. Beyond one homicide case, that of Tony Gula, charged with the murder of Frank Ross, and the case of C. H. Drum and Frederick Ward, charged with conspiracy to defeaud the Coal Centre bank, the cases are mostly of a minor nature.

Strike at Washington.

The workers of the Washington tinplate mill are on a strike. It is stated that an attempt will be made to run the plant non-union, and trouble is anticipated.

BANK SUIT APPEALED TO HIGH COURT

Brownsville Institution Displeased with Lower Court Judgment.

AMOUNT DEMANDED $5,000

Mixup in Affairs, in which Cashier's Check Features—Transference of Note.

An appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court in the suit of the Monongahela National bank of Brownsvill against the First National bank of California, which was tried at May term of common pleas court and resulted in a verdict for the defendant. The suit is to recover $5,000 with interest from November 8, 1907.

On July 1, 1907, O. F. Piper, former cashier of the Peoples Bank of California, drew a cashier's check on the Peoples bank for $5,000 payable to W. L. Lenhart. The check was deposited in the Monongahela National bank of Brownsville, and placed to the credit of Lenhart.

In November the check was endorsed for Lenhart, by W. A. Edmiston, the cashier of the Brownsville bank, and forwarded to the First National bank of California, for collection from the Peoples bank. The check was paid by a draft, but before it was cashed the officials of the Peoples bank discovered that their cashier was a defaulter and asked that the First National bank surrender the draft for $5,000 which was done.

The Peoples bank was closed and consequently the Monongahela National bank of Brownsville never received the consideration called for in the cashier's check, and they now seek the amount from the First National bank of California.

The claim of the defense is that the check was and is a fraud on the Peoples bank, collusively perpetrated for the benefit of Lenhart, the effect of which was to place in his hands an apparent obligation of said bank for $5,000 without his having given or paid anything therefore.

It is further claimed that the Monongahela National bank of Brownsville, had knowledge of the illegality of the transaction or should have had such knowledge.

An Artistic Job.

During the past two weeks the Elks Club House at the corner of Third street and Fallowfield avenue has been repainted. The color scheme is yellow and white, and the effect is most pleasing. The work was done by the Charleroi Lumber company under the supervision of Jas. E. Horner.

Jeffreys.

John Lloyd Jeffreys, aged 4 months and 5 days, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Jeffreys of North Charleroi, died last evening at 7 o'clock at the home of the parents. The funeral will be Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment in Charleroi cemetery.

C. W. Weltner leaves this evening for Atlantic City, where he will remain for several days.

J. K. Tener, Pres. S. A. Walton, Vice Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

Everyone Transacting a Business

and everyone who receives and pays out any considerable amount of money, should have a checking account.

Paying by check has many advantages over paying in currency—among which are security, convenience, saving of time and expense.

We cordially invite your account, subject to check.

4 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Charleroi, Pa.

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

Beauty and Utility

Diamonds are something more than ornaments. They are investments whose value never changes. Buying a good diamond is putting money aside for a rainy day.

Buying diamonds and other gems of us means absolute surety. You know precisely what you have bought and that it's worth every cent you paid [illegible]

John B. Schafer,

MANUFACTURING JEWELER

Bell Phone 102 W Charleroi Phone 38

Store Closed Every Evening at 6:00 o'clock except Saturday and Monday

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper

Published Daily Except Sunday by

MAIL PUBLISHING CO.

(INCORPORATED.)

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One Year.....$3.00
Six Months.....1.50
Three Months.....75

All subscriptions payable in advance.

Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six cents per week.

Communications of public interest are always welcome, but as an evidence of good faith and not necessarily for publication, must invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

BELL 76 CHARLEROI 76

Member of the Monongahela Valley Press Association

ADVERTISING RATES

DISPLAY—Fifteen cents per inch, first insertion. Rates for large space contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as business locals, notices of meetings, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official and similar advertising, including that in settlement of estates, public sales, live stock and estray notices, bank notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents a line, each additional insertion.

LOCAL AGENCIES

George S. Might.....Charleroi
Clyde Collins.....Speers
M. Dooley.....Dunlevy
E. L. Kibler.....Lock No. 4

July 22 in American History.

1704—Peregrine White, first white child born in New England, died in Marshfield, Mass.; born on board the Mayflower, in Cape Cod harbor, Nov. 20, 1620.

1864—General James B. McPherson, commander of the Federal Army of the Tennessee, killed in front of Atlanta; born 1829.

1884—Jane Grey Swissbelm, writer, advocate of woman's rights, died at Swissdale, Pa.; born 1816.

1906—Russell Sage, the financier, died at Lawrence Beach, N. Y.; born 1816.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:21, rises 4:11; moon sets 10:31 p. m.

Local Patriotism.

The great weakness of organized labor, as well as of the Socialistic party, and all other organizations formed for the purpose of ameliorating social and material conditions, is a feeling that the Government is arrayed against them. This impression is so thoroughly ingrained in the minds of many within the jurisdiction of these organizations, that a revolutionary sentiment is created, which not only *retards justice and good government*, but perverts the minds of those engaged in such movements and results in acts that are destructive and retroactive.

No human government was ever founded so unalterably upon the principles of liberty and equality as that of our own, and if it fails in any particular it is the fault of the masses themselves. All the tyranny of wealth and corporate power is due to civic indifference and lack of patriotism. What is most needed now at this stage of the game is the inculcation of patriotism—the kind that will apply with as much fervor and reverence to township and borough conditions as to National affairs. Socialism in some form or other must eventually solve the problems of municipal government, but before they do we will have to become a nation of local patriots—as ready to do and die when our local government is assailed as we are when our Nation is threatened.

The People Pay.

The strike and incipient riots at the Pressed Steel Car works, at McKees Rocks in Allegheny county, calls to memory the great railway strike of thirty-one years ago. Tomorrow is the anniversary of this great strike, when the union station was burned and the city of Pittsburg was for days under strict military rule.

Millions of dollars worth of costs were entailed as a result of this strike, both in property destroyed and in putting down the riots, besides a number were killed and wounded. The event is indellibly impressed in the memory of Pittsburg, that city [illegible] for all the property destroyed by the mob there. The matter was threshed out in the courts, but the city eventually got "stuck," and the taxpayers have been paying the "freight" ever since. That big railroad strike thirty-one years ago has very materially enhanced the cost of living in Pittsburg ever since.

Make it Local.

Interest in the approaching valley fair is being awakened. Since its aims and object have become known the business people are heartily approving the project. Committees are quietly at work, and indications are that the project will be carried out in a manner that is characteristic of Charleroi.

By giving their hearty co-operation the citizens of Charleroi can make this affair distinctly local, and promote not only their individual business but that of all others in addition. The idea is to conduct it in the nature of a fair, with some outside attractions and amusements for the entertainment of visitors. Charleroi people can reap the benefit which the hordes of outside concessionaires get at all such gatherings, and the fair will be of help to the whole community.

Something is needed to relieve the midsummer monotony, and the valley fair was a happy project. The chances are that after it is over a movement will be started to make it a permanent annual affair. The Charleroi Exposition would have as good a field proportionately as the Pittsburg Exposition.

Electric Sparks

An old man kissed a married woman and had to pay $100 for it. Bet he wishes he had bitten her, and got his money's worth.

Evelyn Thaw wrote a book—that is she is charged with writing a book, but is prevented from having the affair put on the market, by District Attorney Jerome of New York City, who states that libel suits will follow such action. Now wouldn't that give you the cramps?

Bee tales are now as thick as snake tales ordinarily should be in the early spring. The majority are a whole lot easier to believe, however, because they are baked up by indisputable proof.

Orville Wright has broken another record in aeroplaining. Some people rather think that he will break his neck some of these days.

Up at Uniontown the newspapers are landing verbally on each other for almost the count, and over at Connellsville the contemporaries are sicking them on. Some of these days we will hear of more than verbal fights—it will turn into fisticuffs.

It doesn't look so bad for a college president and preacher to get in to the limelight as the president of a trolley company if his road is the only one by which outsiders can reach his college.

Uncle Sam is proudly exhibiting $260,000,000 worth of battleships off the coast of Massachusetts, but none of them will ever be as famous as the ancient tub, the Mayflower.

No Picnic.

A Junction City man told of a remark made by a woman at whose home a number of people took supper one night during a political campaign in Sumner county. This particular woman, though young in years, was the mother of seven children. Naturally the children were reasonably close to one size. When the "campaigners" went into the woman's house one of them noticed the bunch of children and said to the woman in a friendly way, "Those all yours, or is this a picnic?" "They are all mine," she replied wearily, "and it's no picnic."—Kansas City Journal.

Tipped.

"Doesn't this boat tip a great deal?" asked a timid young woman of the steward.

"The vessel, ma'am," said the steward, "is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

An Attraction.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church? Mrs. Perry—Well, she wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.

How She Did It.

"So she refused you?"

"That's the impression I received."

"Didn't she actually say no?"

"No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha, ha, ha!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleepy Sermons.

"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber."

Wade not in unknown waters.—German Proverb.

CREMATION.

It is only a little over 30 years since Dr. Francis Julius LeMoyne, of this town, began the agitation for the incineration of human bodies, says the Washington Reporter. He built on Gallows Hill the first cremation furnace which was erected in the United States. While the reform he advocated has not gained much of a foothold in this vicinity, it has spread rapidly in some parts of the United States.

Every large city now has its cremation furnace. Many of these are in connection with old established cemeteries so that those who wish to avail themselves of this method may do so without the expense of traveling a long distance to have the bodies of their dead incinerated. While the LeMoyne crematory was in operation bodies were brought here from all parts of the United States.

Statisticians have been figuring that at our present rate of increase in the United States will have a population of 1,000,000,000, within 150 years. That is a short period in the life time of a nation. China traces its national history for more than 2,000 years. It is said that some of its burial grounds are 10 miles in length and occupy an area equal to that of some of the goodsized townships of Washington county. These burial grounds are proving a great obstacle to the material developing of China. Railroads and trolley lines cannot be constructed through them. They are great barriers to progress.

The Pitt Diamond.

While Pitt, the grandfather of Lord Chatham, was governor of Fort St. George in 1698 he became acquainted with a jewel merchant named Jamchund, who brought a diamond of great size for sale. He asked £30,000 for it in the rough. It should, of course, have been bought on behalf of the company, but Pitt, seeing money in it, could not resist the temptation of making a private bargain. He became the possessor of the stone for the sum of £20,400, and he was quite satisfied that he had behaved honorably when he paid the man, who on his part was also content. But the diamond was known to be worth more than Jamchund had received, and the transaction gave rise to a good deal of gossip, which in no way decreased when later on Pitt had the stone cut in England and sold it to the regent of France for £135,000. Even that enormous sum did not represent its true value. The stone was set in the royal crown of France. It weighed 410 carats in the rough, but the cutting reduced it to 136 carats.—Mrs. Penney's "Fort St. George, Madras."

A Tartar Courtship.

Among the Tchulian Tartars a curious mode of "popping the question" exists. The Tchulian bachelor in search of a wife, having filled a brand new pipe with fragrant tobacco, stealthily enters the dwelling of the fair one upon whom he has bestowed his affections, deposits the pipe upon a conspicuous article of furniture and retires on tiptoe to some convenient hiding place in the neighborhood, local etiquette requiring that he should execute this strategic movement apparently undetected by the damsel of his choice or any other member of her family. Presently he returns without further affectation of secrecy and looks into the apartment in a casual sort of way. A single glance at the pipe he left behind him enables him to learn the fate of his proposal. If it has been smoked he goes forth an accepted and exultant bridegroom; if not, the offer of his hand and heart has been so irrevocably rejected as not to be even worth a pipe of tobacco.

She Knew the Day Well.

A poor little faded woman had been brought into court as witness in a case involving very important issues. The entire case depended on the fact that a paper had been signed on a certain day, and this the forlorn little woman was prepared to prove.

"You saw the paper signed?" asked the opposing counsel in cross examination.

"Yes, sir."

"And you take your oath that it was the 13th of August?"

"I know it was, sir."

The lawyer, who thought another date could be proved, assumed an exasperating smile and repeated her words.

"You know it was? And now be so good as to tell us how you know it."

The poor little creature looked from one countenance to another with wide, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy; then her gaze rested on the kindly face of the judge.

"I know," she said, as if speaking to him alone, "because that was the day my baby died."—Pearson's Weekly.

Social Progress.

"The Pilters are getting on rapidly, aren't they?"

"Indeed, yes. They used to employ a washerwoman, but now they have a laundress." Woman's Home Companion.

Why He Is Solid.

"How can you tell he is solid with the firm? Does he come in late and go away early?"

"No; he comes in early and goes away late."—Buffalo Express.

Bona Fide Clearance Sale of Clothing Still Going on at

LESLIE CAMPBELL CO'S.

The American Clothing Store

DID YOU SEE OUR HAND BILL? If not, get one and bring it around and see for yourself. **We have all we advertise.** Positively the greatest Clothing Sale ever held. Read our claims and then come see the goods at the advertised figures : : : : : : : : :

Give Away Clothing Prices

$10.00 suits we'll sell to you for only	$ 5.00
12.00 "	6.00
12.00 and 13.50 suits	8.50
15.00 and 16.00 suits	10.00
18.00 and 20.00 suits	12.50

Money Saving Prices on Men's Shirts

$1.50 men's dress shirts now.....$1.15
1.00 men's dress shirts now.....69c and 79c

PANTS—Listen, Read

One lot men's pants worth $5, $6, $7, value to go for.....$3.50

Boys' Suits at Actually Less than the Real Cost to Manufacture

$2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $5.50, $5.00, $6.00 Boys' Suits now for.....$1.50, $2.50 to $3.50

NOTICE! The store of Leslie Campbell Co., the American Clothiers, located at 413 McKean Avenue, has been officially named as headquarters at which to purchase Street Railway Uniforms, Division 85, Amalgamated Association Street and Electric Railway Employees of America.

LESLIE CAMPBELL CO.

The American Clothiers

413 McKean Avenue Charleroi, Pa.

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passerby. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue:

"What is thy name, O statue?"
"I am called Opportunity."
"Who made thee?"
"Lysippus."
"Why art thou on thy toes?"
"To show that I stay but a moment."
"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"
"To show how quickly I pass by."
"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"
"That men may seize me when they meet me."
"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"
"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

Dropping the Curtain.

"No, Mr. Slowun," said the fair possessor of the square chin, "I must respectfully decline to become your other half."

"But why?" asked the astonished young man, who had believed that he was the favored one.

"Because," replied the female extractor of the frosty digit, "the man I marry must be brave and fearless. Tonight you let me the information that you have loved me for five long, weary years, but have not dared mention it until the present meeting. A man who has no more nerve than that would hide under the bed while his wife went downstairs to interview a burglar who was making a raid on the family larder. Therefore, Mr. Slowun, I will work the piano for a little slow music while the curtain drops on the farewell scene. You will find your hat on the usual peg of the hall rack. Good evening."—London Mail.

Speculative Life Insurance.

A mania for speculative insurances on the lives of public personages prevailed in England during the eighteenth century. Warren Hastings, the pretender, the rebel lords or the unfortunate Admiral Byng answered equally the purpose of speculation, and there were also regular quotations on the lives of notorious highwaymen. Sir Robert Walpole at one period of his career, when his life was endangered by popular tumults, was insured for many thousands, and when George II. fought at Dettingen 25 per cent was paid [illegible] and returned. Speculative insurances were, however, largely checked by the gambling act of 1774, which made insurable interest a necessary condition for a valid policy.—Argonaut.

THE AMERICAN WON.

Hobbs Picked All the Locks In the Bank of England.

The first world's fair, the Crystal palace at London, was held in 1851, it was at the Crystal palace that the American mechanic showed that he stood second to none in the world. Hobbs challenged Chubb, and Hobbs, the American mechanic, carried off the first prize as a lockmaker. Hobbs represented an American manufacturer of iron bank safes. He placed his safe on exhibition and tied the key to the combination lock on the outside. Inside the safe was placed £250, or $1,250 and the free offer was made to the mechanics of the world that if they opened the safe the money contained therein could be taken for their success. The safe was never opened. At that time Chubb was famous all over England and in Europe as a lockmaker. The Bank of England indorsed Chubb and used his locks exclusively. Hobbs examined the workmanship of the locks and offered to not only enter the outer doors of the Bank of England, but to open also the seven doors leading to the treasure safes, inside of two hours if permission was given. This was too much for the Britishers to stand, and they gave the necessary consent.

Hobbs was on hand two hours before the time for opening the doors of the bank arrived and announced himself ready to go to work. All the tools he had he carried in his vest pocket, consisting of about twenty picks. He opened the front door in seven minutes and entered the bank triumphantly. He next approached the outer door of the treasure safe. In six minutes the door opened, and before one hour had passed, half of the time he asked for, he had his hands in the treasure of the bank, much to the amazement of the directors of the bank and to the intense disgust of Chubb, a man of influence and wealth. He took his defeat gamely, however, and soon set to work to improve his locks. This he did by taking Hobbs into his employ as an adviser.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's visit to this country is in the interest of Irish industries.

Miss Tuttle heads the roll of honorary members of the Daughters of Utah. She was elected at a recent meeting of the society which was held in New York.

Miss Catharine Regina Seabury, for seven years the head of St. Agnes' school at Albany, is spoken of as the successor of Miss Agnes Irwin as dean of Radcliffe college.

Queen Wilhelmina, who has recently become a convert to perfumes, prefers the soft, ancestral French odors, and she uses them in a French way. She scents each article of clothing strongly, but with a different odor.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, instructor in the department of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is to give a course of lectures at the University of California the coming summer on "Household Economics."

Mrs. Mary Nevins Ball, widow of Dr. William T. Ball, has presented to the New York Academy of Medicine a bronze bust of her husband, which was Dr. Ball's last gift to her before he died. She gives it to the academy in his son's name.

Little Miss Emily Boynton of Colorado, who is only thirteen years old, has a record as a mountain climber. She recently ascended Long's peak, commonly called the American Matterhorn, which is 14,271 feet high, scorning the aid of a guide, even at the dangerous points. The feat would be difficult for a man.

Countess von Boos Farrar, a niece of Archdeacon Farrar, is giving her whole time to New York's sick and needy. She has lately secured seventy-five acres at Spring Valley, N. Y., and will build there a home for children of criminals, not only to care for the waifs, but to make a thorough test of the theory of inherited crime. Criminologists are said to be much interested in the results of the venture.

WATCH THIS SPACE

for news of interest to theatre goers

Change of subjects daily of High Grade Pictures The children are given special care and attention : : :

STAR THEATRE

422 Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.

JAMES McKENNA, Prop.

Berryman's

CHARLEROI'S LE[illegible]

ONLY FOUR DAYS

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday

To buy the Bargains at the Summer Clearance Sale of Women's and Misses' Wearing Apparel and Millinery.

This is the annual summer close out in suits, skirts, waists, coats and trimmed hats. The stocks are so very large and the prices so very low that this will be a great sale. Don't delay as it will only be for four days, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, and we intend to make a clean sweep.

The heavy reductions will make big selling.

You know our hats are beautiful, charming and stylish, and the prices were always low. At this sale all the trimmed hats go at Half Price.

Advertise in the Mail

Make Your Wash Day Easy by Using

6 25c

SWIFT'S PRIDE SOAP

Joe Kurtak & Co.,

Monessen, Pa.

Back to the good old days when Newell's was THE Hotel of Pittsburgh

Restored to its original excellence. New ownership and management.

NEWELL'S HOTEL

343 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh

is offering accommodations, service and cuisine the superior of which cannot be found anywhere.

Everything possible for your comfort and welfare.

Special 50c Business Men's Luncheon from 11:30 to 2:30. Music.

W. B. DESHON, Proprietor.
R. A. ROBERTS, Manager.

RAILROAD POSITIONS

The Railroads all over the country are seeking young men proficient in all clerical positions.

There are positions of responsibility with good pay, open for those who are willing to prepare themselves to fill same.

We teach all branches of Railroad, freight and passenger station work and equip our students ready to accept positions, and help retain them in certain same.

If interested write us fully enclosing 4 cents for THE GRADEN BOOK, "What it does."

THE GRADEN SYSTEM OF RAILROAD TRAINING,

Dept. I, Schofield Building, Cleveland

A GREAT BLAZE

Of Conviction Sweeping Over Charleroi.

The more people know of the new remedy, Root Juice, the more convinced are they of the wonderful merits of the discovery. Scores of people have bought it at Piper Bros.' drug store and after using it a short while they are so loud in praise of it that their neighbors are going to the store in such crowds for the medicine it is hard to keep it in stock. Testimonials are being piled upon testimonials from every direction and many are buying the juice because it is doing so much good for some neighbor or relative. Root Juice has certainly created a great sensation over in Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mr. John Spratt said: "I have suffered a long time with a very painful kidney and bladder trouble, had to get up every fifteen or twenty minutes during the night. I would sometimes so suffer with my back and kidneys that I would have to walk the floor for hours at a time. I began taking Root Juice when it was first introduced here, and after taking it a short time I wish to say for the benefit of my friends and others who suffer as I did, that I am now free from all pain and rest well at night. I am rapidly regaining everyway." Mr. Oscar Green of the same point, R. R. No. 3, said: "Before taking Root Juice I had very bad stomach trouble of long standing. After eating a meal I felt like I had knots or rocks in the pit of my stomach. I bloated very much and had burning in my stomach that pained me very much and caused me to be very nervous, but the first dose of Root Juice I took soothed my stomach and caused me to feel better and after taking the great medicine a short while I can eat anything without suffering for it." We are told that the people at the drug store are glad to give any information within their power in relation to the remedy. The Juice is now on sale for $1 a bottle or three bottles for $2.50.

Notice.

A grey horse was found straying along the railroad tracks at Lock No. 4 by Contsable Mathers. The owner should see Mr. Mathers or the horse will be sold to pay for stabling and feed.

213t David Mathers.

LOCAL NOTES

Brief Mention of People and Events in this Community.

Adelmina Riva with her little sister Mary left yesterday morning for a visit with friends in Allegheny.

Miss Mary Lindley of Washington is visiting Miss Sena Mosier of Crest avenue.

Miss Dora Potter of Mansfield, Ohio, arrived in town last night and will spend a few weeks at the home of her uncle, W. E. Potter.

Miss Margaret Wood of Pittsburg is a guest of her grandparents, Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Hogue.

Arch Hormell of Ashtabula, Ohio, is vsiting relatives and friends here.

Rev. and Mrs. G. G. Kerr and son are in Pittsburg today.

Mrs J. H. Bowers, and daughter Jean are in Uniontown today visiting friends.

Mrs. B. F. Barnett after a visit of a few days in Homestead and Pittsburg has returned home. She was accompanied by Mrs. [illegible] of Fulton county, who will visit here a few days.

Miss Louis Stitt, of Mansfield, Ohio, is a guest of Mrs. William Potter of Fallowfield avenue.

Miss Dorothy Elscher spent last evening in Pittsburg with friends.

Miss Elsie Furlong left this morning for Parkersburg, W. Va., where she will visit Miss Marguerite Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McConnell of Parnassus is the guest of Mrs. Leslie Campbell of McKean avenue. Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. McConnell are spending the day in California with Mrs. T. J. Minehart.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wehner and children went to Coal Centre this morning, where they will spend several days with Mrs. Wehner's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Riggs and daughter Metta returned yesterday from Fairmont, W. Va., where they visited relatives. The trip was made in automobiles.

Miss Agnes Stevenson of Uniontown has returned home after visiting here with friends.

Thomas Riffle of near Adah, Fayette county, is here for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Piper are spending several days in Cleveland, Ohio, with friends.

A garden party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Stewart, Crest avenue and Fourth street, Friday evening. Refreshments will be served. All are invited.

Visited Friends Here.

Major Charles Farnsworth, a member of the United States regular army, was here last night and this morning visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Grant. Major Farnsworth is stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. He has a medal as expert marksman.

Sinnotts Withdraw.

The heirs of Joseph Sinnott have disposed of the Gibsonton distillery, near Belle Vernon, to the Gibsonton distilling company for $350 000.

In one of our institutions of higher education a learned Doctor of Divinity gave this subject for an essay to members of the senior class: "Human Bones Versus Human Progress." We know not what the future holds in store for us but the time may come in this country when the cremation of human bodies will be a matter of necessity.

Classified Ads

WANTED

WANTED—Middle-aged woman to do home cooking. Capitol Lunch Room, Donora. 285tf

Wanted--Carpet Weaver, give full particulars or call care [88 of Mail office. 290tf

WANTED—To secure a house on Crest or Meadow avenue between Fourth and Seventh. Answer care 89 Mail office. 2902t

FOR RENT

TO RENT—Furnished front room, 419 Fallowfield avenue. 287t

FOR RENT—Five room flat with bath. See Hall or Whitlatch, Fourth and Fallowfield. 288tf

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Oak color piano, Apply 115 Prospect avenue, Charleroi, Pa. 2861t6

METAL MONEY.

The Greeks Started Coining Long Before the Christian Era.

The invention of coinage is due to the Greeks, most probably to the bankers of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor Greek colonies, who toward the end of the eighth century B. C. began stamping the small gold and electron ingots which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal. Such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in the older silver coins from Aegina, nearly contemporary with the Asia Minor "beans."

Curious to say, none of the surrounding peoples with whom the Asiatic and European Greeks were in constant communication, political or commercial, took up the wonderful invention which at present seems to us of such obvious necessity that we scarcely realize how the civilized world of old can ever have got on without it. As a matter of fact, however, neither the Phoenicians, with their practical commercial sense, nor the Lydians nor the Persians, who claimed the supremacy over the very cities where the new currency was initiated, nor, of course, the [illegible] conquests of Alexander disseminated the Greek civilization all through the eastern world.

The Romans came to know of it through the Greek cities in Sicily and Magna Graecia and began striking silver coins toward the beginning of the third century B. C. In the meantime with the Greeks die sinking, like everything else, had fallen within the domain of art, and their coins, above all those struck during the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. by the Dorians of Sicily at Syracuse and Acrigentum, have never been equaled and remain forever a standard of beauty for the artist and a model of perfection for the die sinker.—London Saturday Review.

A FAMOUS BANKNOTE.

The One That Cruikshank Drew and the Crowds it Drew.

One day about the year 1818 George Cruikshank was passing Newgate on his way to the exchange when, seeing a crowd collected, he went forward to learn what was the matter and saw that it was the execution of several men and women. He was horrified at the spectacle and on inquiring learned that the woman was being hanged for passing counterfeit one pound notes. He learned also that this punishment was quite a common thing, even though the poor wretches often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifles and return the change to them. Wrung with pity and with shame, Cruikshank went home and immediately, under the inspiration of his feeling, sketched a grotesque caricature of a banknote. He called it a bank restriction note—not to be imitated. He represented on it a place of execution, with spaces about filled in with halters and manacles, a figure of Britannia devouring her children and transport ships bearing the lucky or unlucky ones who had escaped death to Van Dieman's Land or Australia, while in place of the well known signature of Abraham Newland was that of "J. Ketch."

He had just finished this when his publisher, Hone, entered and, seeing it, begged to have it for publication. So Cruikshank etched it and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window with startling effect. Crowds quickly began to gather and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings. The crowds grew so great that the street was blocked, and the mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realized over £700 in a few days.—London Standard.

Pronunciation.

Dr. Johnson would not have consented to pronounce "wind" differently in prose and in verse. He insisted upon making the "i" long always. The story goes that in order to crush somebody who preferred the short "i" in ordinary conversation, Johnson, rhyming all three words with "tinned," remarked, "I cannot find it in my mind to call it wind, but"—rhyming all three words with "blind"—"I can find it in my mind to call it wind." But his adversary got the better of him. Johnson himself always pronounced "gold" as "goold." "If I may be so boold," said the other, "I should like to be toold why you call it goold."

A Caustic Critic.

The Paris critic Martin once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good."

"They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied slowly.

Defenseless Man.

A woman writer in one of the magazines says women are sacrificed by thousands in the name of marriage. Yes, but what about the defenseless men who are each year torn from their comfortable homes and dragged to the altar?—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Optimism.

"Some fish ate the bait right off my hook," she said.

"Cheer up. He'll be all the bigger when you do catch him," he responded encouragingly.—Buffalo Express.

The swan is the longest lived of birds.

Hannibal in Italy.

Hannibal entered northern Italy in the year 218 B. C. and gained during that year the two victories of Ticinus and Trebia, both in Cisalpine Gaul. The next year he advanced farther south and defeated the Romans at Trasymenus, and the year following, having proceeded still farther south, he inflicted upon them the terrible defeat at Cannae, at which time his ascendency attained its maximum. He remained for thirteen years longer, but gained no more decisive victories. He was finally recalled by the authorities at Carthage, who had never given him anything like a decent support.—New York American.

All the Difference.

Among the patients in the private ward of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen, but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: [illegible] trouble me either!"—Lippincott's.

Birthdays and Health.

For several years I have noticed that in a period of from about three to two weeks preceding the anniversary of my birth I have had a feeling of returning vigor, a renewal of vitality such as I have not experienced at any other time of the year. This has lasted for from two to eight days, but has always ceased some days before the anniversary; hence it has occurred to me that there may be some connection between the approach or recurrence of one's birth date and the maintenance of one's health.—London Graphic.

A Bad Man.

Herman Whitaker wrote a story of the Tehuantepec rubber plantation. Guadaloupe, the mandador on one plantation at which Mr. Whitaker stayed, was informed [illegible] be one of the characters in his story. "He never failed to question me each day as to the things I had made him do—in the story," said Mr. Whitaker. "When one morning I informed him that I had killed him off, he expressed great surprise.

"'Porque, senor, porque?'

"'Because you are a bad man, Guadaloupe.' Which was perfectly true.

"'I, senor?' he questioned, greatly surprised.

"'Si, Guadeloupe, you are bad. Think of how many men you have killed, according to your own count.'

"He thought for awhile, then looked up with a humorous smile. 'Oh, well! Did I put up a good fight?'

"'You bet you did, Guadaloupe.'

"Whereupon eyebrows and shoulders went up in a shrug. 'Bueno! Bueno! Then it ees all right.'"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

That Settled It.

The commissioners in lunacy were nonplused. The man on whose mental [illegible] down to pass seemed perfectly sane in spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.

And then, at the thought of earning their fees with no qualms of conscience, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.—New York Times.

KANT-FALL SWINGS

Just the thing for the children to have fun with. Can be placed anywhere. They consist of a good chair seat, with "Safety Guard" and four good stout ropes.

$1.25 VALUE, OUR PRICE 65c

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"PERFECT IN QUALITY"

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MATCHLESS FLOUR

"MODERATE IN PRICE"

The Charleroi Progressive Cooperative Association, Distributors

$766.37 in Dividend and Interest

to be paid our members and non-members as profit by our association during last quarter.

[illegible] per cent. paid as dividend on all purchases and one and one-half per cent. interest on money invested, is the result of co-operation for the last three months. August 5th, 6th and 7th are dividend days. Bring your statement on above dates and get your dividend in cash. If you wish to leave your dividend to accumulate for later use, you can do so, and we will pay you an interest of 6 per cent. a year, payable quarterly on all such sums.

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

Don't take Anybody's word for it.

Come and investigate for yourself.

While we feel, as reputable merchants, that our printed word is just as good as our spoken word and that it should command your earnest consideration yet we realize that it may be hard for many to believe that fashionable, dependable and seasonable shoes are sacrificed a third and a quarter and in many instances are sold for less than the actual cost of making.

Yet that is just what we have to do at the end of every season in order to clean out every pair of surplus stock.

Men's and women's alike are sacrificed and here's the schedule:

$4.00	regular	values	$2.95
3.50	"	"	2.45
3.00	"	"	1.95
2.50	"	"	1.45
2.00	"	"	.98

Come and see for yourself how far you can make a little money go during this clearance sale.

Sample Shoe Store

Read the Mail

FRED FREEMAN

Practical Painter and Paper Hanger

Wells Building 312 Fifth Street Charleroi, Pa.

MONEY SAVED ON PAINTS

We lately made a purchase of a bankrupt stock of paints, varnishes, etc., and will cut and slash prices as follows: Wise people will lay in a supply of the same. Johnson's, Moores and Bridgeport paints, the very highest grade on the market will be on sale.

50c grade, bankrupt price.....35c
35c " " " 20c
25c " " " 10c

Our Varnishes are the Highest Grade at the Lowest Price

HOUSE PAINT SAVINGS

The $1.60 grade now.....$1.35 per Gal.
The 1.50 grade now.....1.25 per Gal.
Fine black Elastic Paint only.....45c per Gal.
Fine red roofing paint only.....75c per Gal.

Free Plate--NOTICE--Free Plate

We are giving away beautiful souvenir finely decorated plates with all purchases of $1.00 or over. A yard stick also with purchases.

WALL PAPER CLEARANCE SALE

We must sell them

20c grade to go at.....12 1-2c
~~15c grade to go at~~.....9c
12 1-2c grade to go at.....7 1-2c
10c grade to go at.....6c
7 1-2c to go at.....4c

Lot of single rooms to move at 2c and 3c per bolt.

Come early for good selection.

Special prices on all sizesf window glass. Smallest sizes to the very largest on the market.

One-half price on a lot of fine picture frames with subjects. Gilt moulding 1c up to the finest.

Sale Starts July 26, '09

LOVE'S INTUITION.

A Girl Who Was Able to Read Beneath the Surface.

By MARY WOOD.

Above the shrill whir of the crickets rose the hum of feminine voices. Under the green apple boughs the hammock convention was in full swing. Miss Maybrick called it a hornets' nest and preferred the doubtful coolness of the piazza. But, then, she was a college professor, too superior to appreciate the joys of the younger set.

Jane Carew, however, sometimes agreed with her. This afternoon she hid her face behind a book, while girlish fancies carried her far above the swaying leaves up into the perfect blue of the July sky. How lovely nature was this summer, how full life of new delights!

Miss Maybrick's name brought her back to earth again—Miss Maybrick, the one cloud in her sky.

"Oh, yes, she approves of him," saucy Madge was saying. "She can put up with his sunburned face, roughened hands and the general boorishness of a farmer. But I suppose at her age any man is acceptable. To tell the truth, I have almost reached that condition myself in this man forsaken spot." And she shook her head in mock despair.

"Jane agrees with her," some one added a little maliciously. "She never seems to mind sharing his attentions with her."

A look went down with a crash and angry spots of scarlet glowed in Jane's cheeks as she said defiantly: "John Staunton is not a boor. He is a gentleman. Just because he scorns to talk the twaddle that men usually think good enough for us girls you vote him a boor. He often makes me ashamed of the little I know, and the books he lends me have opened up a new world, a world bigger and better than all the flirting and shams and heartaches that go to make up society. No wonder he likes to talk to Miss Maybrick. She's worth the whole lot of us when it comes to knowing the things that are worth while."

The girl stopped short with a gasp as she realized the horrified hush which had fallen on the circle. "Oh, what have I said?" she cried and buried her face in her cushions.

But Madge's gay voice was tender as she stroked the brown head. "You've read us a lecture, Janie, dear," she said gently, "but I fancy we needed it a bit. It's horrid to talk about one of your friends the way we talk about Staunton, and we ought to ask your pardon. As for Miss Maybrick, she's a stuck up old thing, and you're ever so much nicer than she in spite of all she knows. Just wait till Cousin Alex comes next week and see the new world that he opens to you. He is really literary and writes things for other people to read."

Jane's face was still hidden. She was battling to overcome her tears and even harder to drive out of her heart the unreasonable jealousy of the older woman that somehow had crept into it. The time had been when she would have scorned her as a rival, but love had made her humble. Youth and beauty seemed of small weight to cast into the scales against years of scholastic training and study.

Cousin Alex came. He was a slim, dapper young man, with an important manner rather at variance with his size. But he had a way of retailing old jokes that made them seem new and a stock of compliments suited to every age and was therefore greatly in favor among the guests at the sleepy old farmhouse. As befitting his pretensions as a journalist he rattled on unceasingly about books and literature. He knew this man and that book, and, above all, he was one whose name should some day stand foremost in the world of letters. The date was not yet set, but he spoke of "his novel" mysteriously, even reverently, and his feminine audience was accordingly impressed.

More or less unwillingly Jane was compelled to listen to many of these predictions, for "Cousin Alex" at once developed a fondness for her society. Perhaps certain glances that Staunton cast in his direction added zest to the chase. Perhaps it was the elusive fashion in which the girl received his advances. Certain it is that a week's time had earned him the very fitting name of "Jane's shadow."

Yet to Jane herself each day seemed to bring more unhappiness. Staunton came as often as ever, but at sight of Alex by her side he left the laughing group to chat with Miss Maybrick in intimate aloofness. And as the girl saw the door to the beautiful new world closing because the hand of him who held it open was withdrawn the pain and weariness of her old frivolous life seemed almost past bearing.

Her eyes were more wistful than she knew one evening as she saw a tall, muscular figure swing up the walk with the easy, confident stride of the man who was master of his fate. Staunton's face softened as he met them, and, though Cousin Alex Hamblin was on hand, as usual, he settled himself on the top step with the air of a man who had come to stay. The brown eyes were downcast now, but a shy blush of pleasure still flushed her cheeks.

There was always a visible air of constraint between the two men, but Hamblin rose manfully to the occasion. Here was a most longed for opportunity to prove to Miss Jane that Staunton was but a boor of a farmer, after all, and no match for a man of the world like himself.

If the older man detected his half veiled tone of patronage, he only smiled quizzically. Indeed, his position soon grew more untenable than that of his adversary. As the conversation ranged from books to men and back to books again Jane saw, with a thrill of pride, that Staunton more than held his own. What is more, he held his temper, a precaution neglected by the other.

At last the talk fell upon one of the recent novels, a book of unusual strength and breadth of view. Jane had read it several times, for it had seemed to point her to the new life she longed to live. Staunton was silent, as though in unspoken condemnation. Thereupon Hamblin became an enthusiastic defender and openly scoffed at his lack of appreciation.

A shadow crossed the moonlit porch, but the three did not see Miss Maybrick till her voice broke in on the controversy.

"You would not expect Mr. Staunton to criticise his own book, would you?" she said calmly. Then, as her ear caught Jane's low exclamation of wonder, she added in a tone of surprise: "Had you not guessed that he was an author, Miss Carew? I heard that you defended him very eloquently one afternoon in the orchard and said a good word for me too. For that I want to thank you."

Staunton's face was turned toward the blushing girl, and in full moonlight [illegible] If it sounded the deathknell to some hope in her own heart, gratitude to her companion made her lead the bewildered Alex for a walk down the lane and a gradual restoration of his self confidence.

"And I have to thank you, too, Jane," Staunton said tenderly.

But he took her down to the orchard and told her in his own way.

"How did you guess that I was not the farmer I pretended to be?" with a hint of wonder under his gladness.

Jane raised a face radiant with the realization that the new world was opened forever. "Just because you are you," she said joyously. "Love is not always blind."

A Story That Varies.

There is a story more or less diffused of a young bride on her wedding day playing the game of hide and seek and concealing herself in one of those ancient carved chests of large size. After she had got in the lid closed, and she found herself unable to raise it again, for it fastened with a spring, and she was shut in. Search was made for her in every quarter but the right one, and great perplexity and dismay were caused by her disappearance. It was not till years after, when chance led to the opening of the chest, that the body of the young bride was discovered and the mystery of her disappearance solved.

The story is found in so many places that it may be questioned whether it is true of any one of them. Rogers tells it of a palace in Modena. The chest in which the poor bride was found is shown at Bramshill, in Hampshire, the residence of Sir John Cope. Another similar chest with precisely the same story attached to it was for a time shown at Marwell Old Hall, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham.

The folk tale of Catskin or Peau d'Ane represents the girl flying with her bridal dresses from a marriage that is repugnant to her, and as this tale is found all over Europe it may have metamorphosed itself into that of the bride who got into a chest and died there.—Cornhill Magazine.

Detecting a Thief.

Some of the stories in the "Folklore of the Holy Land" seem to be at least founded on fact. And, indeed, when we come down to quite recent times we find undoubtedly genuine stories that might have been told of the days of the caliphs.

Here is one of Djembim Pasha:

A goldsmith of Jaffa complained that his house had been robbed and remarked that the Egyptian occupation had not brought security.

The pasha promised redress.

The next day he came to the man's shop and in the presence of a great crowd ordered the executioner to give the door a hundred lashes.

Then he stooped as if to listen. "The door tells nonsense," he cried; "another hundred!"

He stooped again.

"The same tale: the door persists that the thief is somewhere in this crowd of honest people and that he has some of the dust and cobwebs from the shop on his turboosh."

He had his eye on the crowd and saw a man hastily raise his hand to brush his fez.

The man was arrested and confessed his guilt.

A Chromatic Love Affair.

"Marooned!" muttered the villain, turning white and striking his forehead.

Violet, pearl of women, had refused him again.

He lapsed into a brown study, wondering if he were too green to win any woman's love. Perhaps she objected to his prematurely gray hair, or could it be that the cardinal virtues of his rival outweighed his old gold?

The hero entering, black as a thunder cloud, readily solved the mystery.

"There's a yellow streak in you!" he cried. "In the hope of winning my betrothed, Violet, you have jilted Alice, and it has made Alice blue!"

The villain rose, madder than a hornet, purpling with rage beneath his tan. But before he could speak the hero had plinked him with his sword.

Violet screamed. Terror caught her.

But her lover soothed her.

"Red of him at last," he murmured, folding her in his arms and kissing her cherry lips as the crimson sun sank in the west, partially obscured by the London smoke.

Epilogue. Orange blossoms.—Los Angeles Times.

THE CAPITOL STATUE

Heroic Figure That Surmounts the Dome in Washington.

THE MODEL WAS CHANGED.

Jefferson Davis Objected to the Original as Designed by Crawford, and It Was Altered to Symbolize "Armed Liberty," as It Now Stands.

"Armed Liberty," the splendid statue that crowns the dome of the capitol, is by far the most symbolic of all the statues in Washington. Beautiful and reposeful, yet with an air of vigilance, it is perhaps the least appreciated of the city's statues, possibly because of its being placed at such an altitude that it cannot easily be studied. The original plans of the capitol called for a statue to surmount the dome, but no title was then given it, and comparatively few people know the real name of the statue.

Seeking this information, a Post reporter interrogated a number of persons whose daily occupations keep [illegible] shadow of the great statue. To the question "What is the name of the statue above the dome of this building?" came these widely different opinions:

"The name of that statue? Why, it's the Goddess of Freedom."

"Yes; I can tell you the name. It is the Goddess of Liberty."

Several declared it to be the statue of Independence. Others said, "It is an Indian woman."

"It is the God of Justice and Freedom," declared a portly man in a tone that defied questioning.

"It represents an American woman, but I am not sure of her name."

"Well, now, I never inquired what lady that statue commemorates," remarked a politician from a not very distant state, "but it is a fine work of art."

"It is a statue of the god of war, Mars."

"Can you tell me something about that statue above the dome?" was asked a man whose knowledge is well known.

"Why, certainly. It is a woman of colonial days. Can't you see the trimming around the mantle and the curls about the face? And the features are delicately molded. You see, I have studied the model at the museum. It surely is a woman. I think you can safely say it is an American woman."

One who always tries his best to help others said: "Now, all statues, as you know, bear the names of the people they represent, and if you will just step over to the library of congress I think you can easily find some book on statues that will tell you all you want to know. It is a woman, I am sure, so look for the female statues."

A younger member of the house replied to the question about the statue most suavely and confidingly. "It is the god of progress; you know his name." Several of the colored men in the various parts of the building were nearly all quite sure it was the Goddess of Freedom. One of them knew the year, 1863, when it was placed above the dome, and he affirmed, "It is the Goddess of American Liberty Before the War."

"You want to know the name of that statue? Well, just wait a minute, and I will get it for you first-hand." And a most accommodating guide passed into the senate chamber. Directly he returned.

"That is a statue of Pocahontas." Every one had a different name for the statue, not one giving the real name, "Armed Liberty."

The statue was modeled by Thomas Crawford, father of the novelist, the late F. Marion Crawford. It was cast at a Maryland foundry. Jefferson Davis was secretary of war when the model was first presented in the war department. The statue then wore a liberty cap and carried a bundle of rods. Davis objected to the liberty cap as being emblematic of the emancipated slaves, while Americans were freeborn. He also thought the bundle of rods, suggesting the functions of the Roman lictor, had lost its symbolic character. Because of these criticisms of Secretary Davis the model was changed, and "Armed Liberty" was evolved.

The statue is nine feet six inches tall and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was put in place on Dec. 2, 1863. The head is thrown back and adorned with eagle's beak and plumes. The right hand rests on a sword, and the left holds an olive branch and a shield. The mantle is gracefully draped and is held by a brooch bearing "U. S." on its face. The helmet is encircled with stars. The supporting globe bears the legend "E Pluribus Unum."—Washington Post.

The Emu's Kick.

An emu can kick as hard as any donkey. The bird stands on one leg and with the other delivers at will a quick and generally very accurate blow. "I never would have believed that a bird had such power," says a recent Australian traveler, "had I not had ocular evidence of it during our trip. After two or three of our men suffered from the terrible kicks of these birds we did not venture near them, but, after running our horses until we got close enough, would bring them down with our rifles. We killed them for their feathers and also hunted for their eggs, but we took good care not to go within kicking distance."

In his better moments stormy Carlyle used to say, "Kindness is the sum of life, the charm to captivate and the sword with which to conquer."

Nobody's expenses are so small that they couldn't be made less. Save a dollar a week towards independence.

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